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to make the most of it, and show him how magnanimous she could be. But oddly enough, Roger took everything for granted.

There was a pause when dinner was announced. Two ladies to one man! Ordinary etiquette would, of course, have sent Isobel in on her host's arm. The occasion demanded that a bridegroom should escort his bride.

"Oh, take Doris! May I call you Doris?" said Isobel.

Doris made no answer. She stood away, a little aloof, a mask-like expression on her face. Roger felt decidedly uncomfortable.

"Let me offer you each an arm," he said, seeking this way out of the difficulty. "I object to honours divided," laughed Doris. But her laugh was mirthless, and didn't ring true.

With a certain amount of ceremony, Roger led his young wife to the head of the table where she sat silent; intensely unhappy, grateful that the presence of a third person relieved her in a measure from the awkwardness of a tete-a-tete.

If only Paul Weston had been her bridegroom.

The thought flashed unbidden through her mind, as thoughts have a knack of doing. How different everything would have been then.

And then, swiftly, she thrust the thought from her. It was a sin, now, to think overmuch of her old sweetheart. She was Roger Armer's wife now, and only death could break the bond that bound them one to the other.

Presently she forced herself to join in the animated conversation that Roger and Isobel had started, but there were so many allusions to situations she knew nothing about, so many "Do you remember," that at length she stopped talking, and listened instead.

Presently Miss Vane rose, and approached the bride, who was now sitting near the uncurtained window, gazing out into the soft radiance of an early autumn night.

She was thinking how beautiful were the gardens of her new home; how happy she might have been if her marriage with Roger Armer had been dictated by love and not by duty!

The bargain had not been of her making. Still, she had consented to it; and now she must abide by the consequences. "Good-night, Doris," Isobel said aloud; and then, as Roger went away to order a car to take Miss Vane to her cottage in the village, she caught the girl's hands in hers. "It has been good of you to put up with me—this evening of all evenings—when I know you are longing to be alone with Roger. You lucky, lucky girl! How I envy you! You have—everything!"

Isobel sighed as her dark eyes followed Doris's clear grey ones, and rested on the park-like grounds.

"You need not—envy me!" Doris forced a smile. "One day you will be in my position. No, no." She rose, pale and trembling. "I—I don't mean that. Heaven forbid that any girl should be as—as—"

She broke off and put her hand to her head. Her endurance had almost reached its limit. The events of the day, the conflicting emotions that swept her very soul were having the usual result.

Reaction had set in, bringing with it a sense of utter and complete exhaustion. Oh, how tired she was. What would she not give to be alone.

But henceforth this could never be. Doris Thobury had ceased to exist: Doris Armer had taken her place.

Isobel read her like a book, and a feeling of triumph entered into her.

"She isn't in love with him," she thought. "There's a screw loose somewhere. I wonder what it is? She seems afraid of him, and yet I could swear Roger loves her. I caught the expression in his eyes when he looked at her. And yet he seemed to be as much relieved by my presence to-night as she was. There's something at the back of it all that at present I can't understand. But I'll find out. Now I come to think of it, there was some talk of her marrying Doctor Weston."

Then she started. "Weston? Surely that's the name of the man whom Doctor Leech is taking into partnership! I must find out if his Christian name is Paul!"

"Good-night," she said again, and bent and kissed the delicate face. "You happy, lucky girl."

She went softly out into the hall, where Roger was impatiently waiting to see her off.

Deep down in Armer's heart was an aching longing to make his young wife love him, to see those beautiful grey eyes melt beneath his glance, to feel the touch of a pair of soft lips upon his own.

He was, therefore in no mood to listen further to Isobel's reminiscences of old times, and when she whispered that this autumn night reminded her of a night

even more perfect, long ago, he bade her a curt good-night; nor did he respond, as she would have liked, to her pressing invitation to "drop in" when he felt lonely.

"You forget," he said curtly, "that I am a married man now. That changes everything."

"It does, indeed!" she sighed; and sent him a sentimental glance.

As the car glided away, she turned and waved her hand to the tall form of the man as he stood bareheaded in the moonlight.

"How handsome he is!" Her eyes grew dim. "And to think that, but for Doris Thobury, I might have been his wife! Roger is a man. He may be hard, even cruel; but he can love as well as hate."

It was with very mixed feelings that Roger Armer re-entered his house. He had got what he wanted, as he did most things that he set his heart on; but the fulfilment of his dearest wish had brought him no happiness.

There was no triumph in his soul as he gazed on that solitary figure in black that sat on still in the great, splendid room. There was something pathetic in the droop of the slender shoulders. But as he advanced, making his presence known by calling her name, the girlish figure stiffened, and into the pale face there came an expression no bridegroom would care to see on his bride's face.

The words Roger had been going to utter died on his lips.

"You are thoroughly tired, Doris," he said quietly. "I'm going to ring for your maid."

He went towards the bell, but before he reached it Doris said:

"I'd rather not have her, if—if you don't mind."

The shrinking, the coldness of her words froze Roger's heart. The tender words his heart dictated to this girl who was his very own turned to ice.

"Please yourself; you are mistress here," he said coldly.

The third chance had passed! It was hardly likely another would come to the unhappy couple chained together by this tragic marriage.

(To be Continued.)

HERE AND THERE.

Mr F. Loughlin, New South Wales Minister for Lands, introduced a Bill into the Assembly to burst up large estates, permitting the owners to retain £20,000 worth. The Bill was read a first time.

The Commonwealth Government has acquired another timber forest for a total outlay of £48,500, situated in Victoria, for the purpose of making homes for war service men.

Complaints regarding alleged excessive charges for men's boots, drapery, and job printing were received by the Auckland Prices Investigation Committee.

The effect of the go-slow policy is indicated in a recent statement at the Liverpool colliery, although the number of working days are 40% in excess of last year, the output is less by nearly 8000 tons.

It is announced in Berlin by the Ministry of Posts that an agreement has been concluded with the Hearst (American) newspaper combination and with another American group for the promotion of German international cable traffic.

The Emir Feisal, who is reported to be about to come to England and France, is desirous of maintaining an alliance entered into by the Arabs with the Entente Powers, and is convinced that he can satisfy France as to the correctness of his attitude.

A man in Tipperary has been sentenced for being in possession of a note book containing Sinn Fein army instructions. Among the orders was one to prepare plans for attacking army barracks. Another order reads: "All 'Peelers' must be shot, unless a battalion officer is present. All 'Peelers' acting as spies must be shot. Get on active service immediately against vicious 'Peelers' and any others showing fight."

The United States Cabinet is considering proposals to send Mr Keano Shibusawo, who represents the Japanese Government in the United States, to confer with leading Americans regarding the Japanese-American situation. It is announced that Japan proposes to lay the question before the World Sunday School Congress, which meets in Tokio on October 5. The Japan-American Society may send to America a delegation of American business men in the Orient, to make an effort to foster better relations.

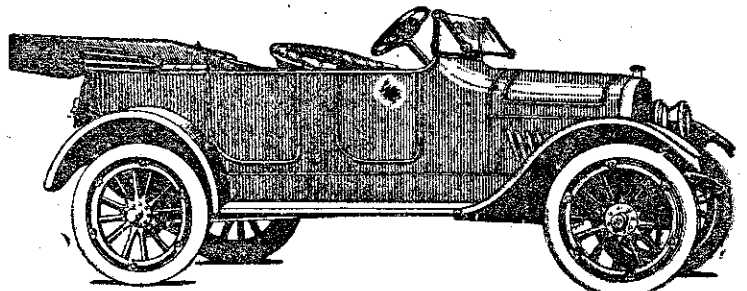
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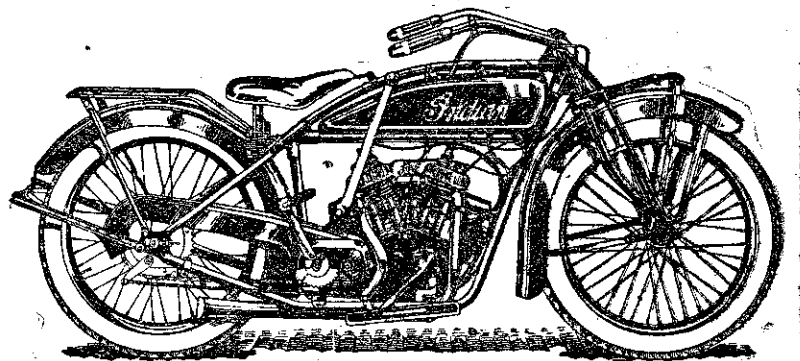
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